WHY OUR FLAG FLOATS OVER OREGON

HALLOCK

WHY OUR FLAG FLOATS OVER OREGON

SCENE ON THE WILLAMETTE RIVER, OREGON

WHY OUR FLAG FLOATS OVER OREGON

OR

THE CONQUEST OF OUR GREAT NORTHWEST

LEAVITT H HALLOCK, D. D.
Author of "Hawaii under King Kalakaua"

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GREEN PARK SCHOOL, STATE OF WASHINGTON

FOREWORD

IN the evolution of these United States five signal events occurred: the Louisiana Purchase; the Annexation of Texas; settling Oregon; acquiring California; and buying Alaska; all of which swung wide our Western boundary, but for none of them did we go to war. Among them all, not one was more thrilling than the winning of Oregon.

For generations the Hudson Bay Company found fabulous profits in the Indian fur trade, from the Pacific to the Rockies, studiously guarding the country's secrets, and decrying the land as unproductive and unwholesome. It was their clear intent, when settlement became inevitable, to turn over the whole territory to England; and no American statesman was sufficiently alert to thwart their well-laid schemes.

FOREWORD

Yes ! 'mid all the intrigue and diplomatic strife, there was one *man, with the clear vision of a seer, whose keen discernment and quick heroism saved the day, — though crimson blends with gold in the fateful struggle which followed.*

Marcus Whitman was the hero, and his brave deed the pivot on which turned our ownership of Oregon: the crisis is outlined in this little book. May it stablish your faith in one whose well-earned crown some critics have sought to displace ! Every year now adds to the lustre of his fame, and posterity will ever more proudly point to this pioneer of the Waiilatpu Mission whose deed of valor flung our flag over the Oregon Empire, there to float while the world stands.

LEAVITT H. HALLOCK

Lewiston, Maine, 1911

WHY OUR FLAG FLOATS OVER OREGON

MOUNT SHASTA

Our Title to California was probably involved in securing Oregon

See Page 10, 11

WHY OUR FLAG FLOATS OVER OREGON

THE acquisition of our great Northwest territory, formerly known as "The Oregon Country," including the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, affords a chapter of romantic interest, culminating in a most unfortunate tragedy. When the play was over, the United States were found in peaceful possession of a vast and valuable domain greatly coveted by England but rescued from her grasp chiefly through the sagacity and heroism of one notable man whose patriotic devotion saved the day for the States. Too long delayed were the Nation's honors, and far too slow the recognition which was his by right.

This little book will aim to bring out the facts in this strange story; and if it serve to place a wreath of glory upon the brow of one of our too-long-forgotten braves, it will

be by the inevitable logic of events rather than any partiality of the writer.

It was a foregone conclusion that the sturdy plant which rooted on the rim of the blue sea near Massachusetts Bay should carry its cry of free religion and free citizenship westward to the broad Pacific: but how those feeble, dependent colonies could ever compass so vast a scheme, in the face of Spanish possessions, French complications and British ambitions, no wildest dreamer of that day could have dared to prophesy.

But the years rolled round while the little plant grew sturdy: and when she felt her power, with independence fully achieved and her blood hot with lusty youth, there began a series of movements upon the international chess-board, often made hesitatingly and in the dark, which resulted so favorably to the United States that the blindest student of American history cannot fail to read the evidence of a kindly, over-ruling Providence.

Two most startling and far-reaching

moves in this fateful game will early demand our careful attention; they are, the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, and the Oregon Treaty of 1846.

The discovery of the Columbia River by Captain Gray in 1792, sending missionaries to the Oregon Indians in 1835, and the important part played by the Hudson Bay Fur Company, all come in for a share of our interest; for by all these means did the United States finally secure possession of those vast resources and advantages which have given to us continental area and the supremacy of two oceans.

To properly adjust the focus of our vision, we must go back to the beginning of the controversy. In these days when everybody knows that the Star of Empire hangs in the zenith west of the Mississippi River, and that the Rocky Mountains may some day prove to be the bridge of the balance on which our continental destiny shall swing this way and that in unstable equilibrium, it is most difficult to put ourselves in the position of the statesmen in

the early years of the nineteenth century, or even to believe the accuracy of the record of their speeches.

Almost we lost all Oregon for an interest in the Newfoundland fisheries; and it was well on in the century when Daniel Webster uttered those marvellous sentiments which to-day seem freighted with astounding ignorance concerning this great Northwest territory. He exclaimed with evident emotion: "What do we want with the vast, worthless area, — this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs! To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow!

"What can we ever hope to do with the Western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, and *not a harbor on it!* What use have we for such a country! Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public

MOUNT HOOD, OREGON

treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is now."

Senator Thomas H. Benton in 1825 said: "The ridge of the Rocky Mountains may be named as a convenient, natural and everlasting boundary: — along this ridge the Western limit of the Republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be erected on its highest peak, never to be thrown down."

Senator McDuffie said in 1846: "I would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory. I wish the Rocky Mountains were an impassable barrier. If there was an embankment of even five feet to be removed I would not consent to expend five dollars to remove it and enable our population to go there. I thank God for His mercy in placing the Rocky Mountains there."

Senator Dayton of New Jersey said in 1844: "With the exception of land along the Willamette and strips along other water-courses, the whole country is as irredeemable and barren a waste as the

Desert of Sahara. Nor is this the worst; the climate is so unfriendly to human life that the native population has dwindled away under the ravages of malaria."

About the same date the *National Intelligencer* published these words: "Of all the countries upon the face of the earth Oregon is one of the least favored by Heaven. It is almost as barren as Sahara and quite as unhealthy as the Campagna of Italy."

And Senator Dayton added this pessimistic utterance: "God forbid that the time should ever come when a State on the shores of the Pacific, with its interests and tendencies of trade all looking toward the Asiatic nations of the East, shall add its jarring claims to our already distracted and over-burdened Confederacy!"

Such was the sentiment of those best posted in regard to that Northwest territory, and from such utterances as these did the people form their opinions.

We shall presently witness a remarkable revolution in public sentiment, effected

within two short years and expressed in the treaty of 1846, concerning Oregon, and we hope to make clear the pivot on which that revolution turned.

To begin in detail our study of the question "Why Our Flag Floats over Oregon," we will first take up the Louisiana Purchase, and there discover one important element in our complex claim to the disputed territory.

It was the greed of England which led France ever to offer Louisiana to the United States. When the Amiens Treaty began to crumble, Napoleon, knowing that he could not successfully defend New Orleans and that England would surely effect its capture, preferred to surrender it to Americans rather than to his rival; and so he said to Monroe, our Minister of State: "I acquired the great territory to which the Mississippi mouth is the entrance, and I have a right to dispose of my own. Why will not your country buy it from France?" Napoleon then added this significant word: "Could I defend

this territory, not all the gold in the world would buy it: but I am giving to a friend what I am unable to keep. I need a hundred million francs!"

The fastest ship of the French navy took Monroe's astounding dispatches to President Jefferson; — the purchase was concluded, and the greatest business transaction ever achieved by the United States was consummated through the exigencies of Europe, and a brilliant dash of Bonaparte's diplomacy.

While the territory thus acquired did not technically include Oregon, yet James G. Blaine says in his "Twenty Years of Congress:" "It is not probable that we should have been able to maintain our title to Oregon if we had not secured the intervening country. The purchase of Louisiana may therefore be fairly said to have carried with it and secured to us our possession of Oregon." It may even be questioned, — since the Western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase was left wholly undefined, — whether it did not literally

PORTLAND, OREGON AND MOUNT HOOD

involve the title to all lands clear to the Pacific coast: at all events it conveyed to the United States the entire interests which France claimed, even to the outmost limit of her possessions.

We must now go far back in the line of events and examine the steps which led up to the Oregon Treaty of 1846. In order to adequately apprehend the situation, our survey must be a careful one, and we shall find it fraught with many considerations of thrilling interest.

It is 1792, three hundred years after the discovery of America, and much of the American continent still remains an unknown land.

We take our stand on the shores of the Pacific, and note the fact that three adventurous ships are coasting up and down these Northern waters, searching for a rumored river whose very existence is in doubt, and yet to discover which, if it be a reality, is the chief object of these three explorers. One is a Spanish vessel; one is Vancouver's ship from England; and one is the schooner of

Captain Robert Gray from Boston. Vancouver had passed northward across the Columbia's mouth and had not observed it: he retraced his course for closer inspection. As he came slowly and cautiously into the latitude of the great river, wondering whether after all it might be a myth, judge of his chagrin at seeing a Yankee Captain, flying the stars and stripes, just emerging from the long-coveted prince of rivers, having explored several miles of it, having landed on its banks and claimed it and the lands it drained, for the United States! Ah! what a pity he had not seen it on the upward trip! No! the discovery was reserved for the redoubtable Yankee, and twelve years later the Lewis and Clarke Expedition traversed its entire length from the source to its mouth,—some fourteen hundred miles, and charted the same for the Government.

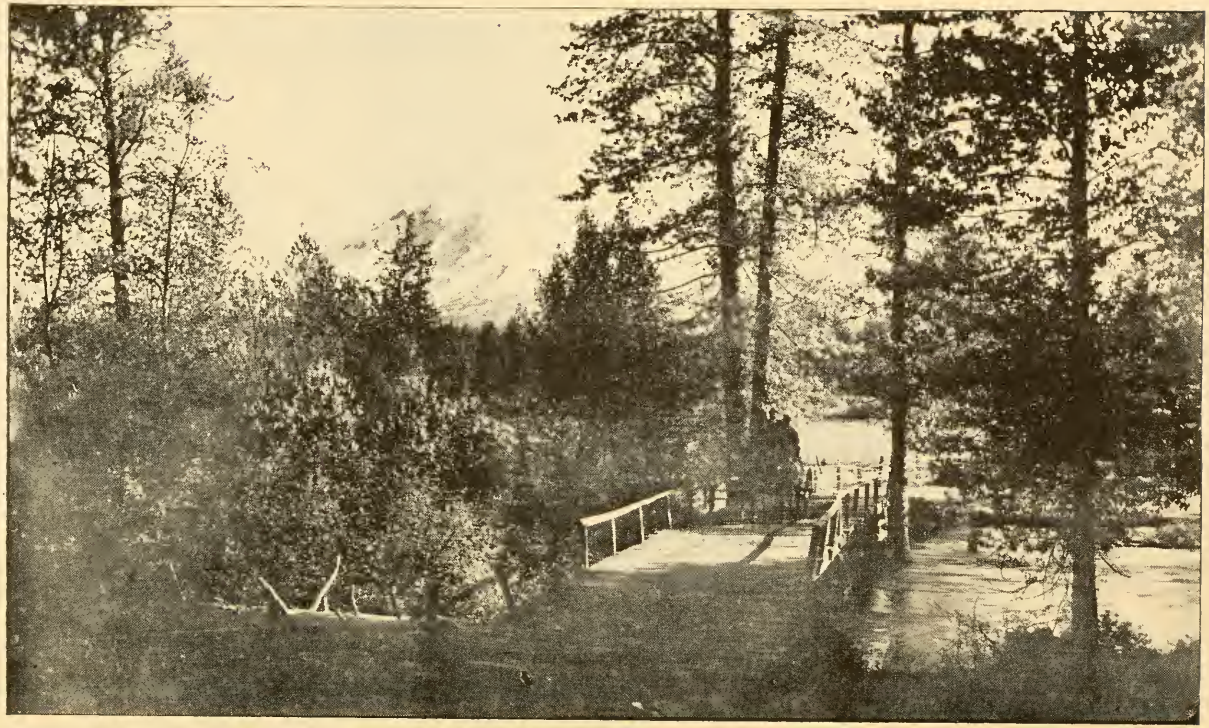
The great contention however is yet untouched: it was, the claim of England to the whole Northwest by reason of its occupancy by the Hudson Bay Company

in prosecuting its extensive fur trade, lo! these many years. The Hudson Bay Company was organized in 1670, by King Charles II, and was granted, by its original charter, absolute proprietorship over all the immense regions, "discovered or undiscovered," "within the entrance to Hudson Strait."

The original capital stock of the Hudson Bay Company was $50,820., which increased in fifty years to $457,000., besides paying dividends; it incorporated into itself The Northwestern Fur Company and in 1821, it had an accumulated capital of almost two millions, ($1,916,000,) every dollar of which had been earned by the original investment; in addition to this enormous surplus it had paid an unfailing, and at that time somewhat unusual, dividend of ten per cent per annum. A single vessel has been known to carry to London a cargo of furs valued at four hundred thousand dollars. It is not strange that such a Company, controlling seventy-five degrees of longitude and twenty-eight

degrees of latitude,—from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to the California border,— should have held to its possessions with tenacious grasp. And indeed it was a shrewd and sagacious business administration which they maintained over a broad and productive savage domain. They preserved the good nature of their patrons, entreated them with gifts, showered upon them numberless kindnesses, every item of which conspired to fill the coffers of the Hudson Bay Company. It was good management for their own profit, aiming to keep out every settler who would substitute an acre of wheat for a pelt, or a family home for the lair of a wild beast.

In order to prevent settlers from coming in, there seemed to be no more effective means than to keep the world ignorant of the resources of that country. Ignorance was more potent than bayonets, and cost less; and so, if shrewd manipulation of facile pen could hold forever latent all desire for this "forbidding, miasmatic wilderness," it were cheaper and better than



MOUNT ADAMS, OREGON

battalions of war to safe-guard their remunerative fur-pastures!

That explains the character and trend of the literature of that day touching "The Oregon Country." Such publications as *The Edinburgh Review* and the best London papers often told of the unhealthful and valueless regions of the Northwest in which no white man could live,—fit only for the wild beast or the still wilder savage Indian.

For more than a century this policy succeeded; and those American statesmen whose mistaken utterances on the floor of the United States Senate we have quoted, were men of letters, well posted in the only available authority upon the country; they had studied the situation and they spoke by the book;—but the book was wrong, purposely wrong. The student would reason thus: Who else should know the facts regarding this forbidding land so far away as well as those intelligent and intrepid "factors" of the Hudson Bay Company who had dared to spend the

best years of their lives on those inhospitable and dangerous shores! Thus their only sources of information were studiously unreliable. This explains the otherwise unaccountable ignorance of our public men at Washington, and makes clear the methods and motives of that great Fur Company which was chiefly concerned in preventing all permanent settlement upon the soil.

Notwithstanding all this, several unsuccessful attempts were made during the early years of the nineteenth century, to settle there, or to establish American trade with the Oregon Indians.

At length, after embarrassing defeats and failures, in 1818 an agreement was reached and the following treaty was signed between England and the United States:

"It is agreed that any country that may be claimed by either party on the Northwest coast of America westward of the Stoney Mountains shall, together with its harbors, bays, creeks and the navigation of all rivers within the same, be free and open

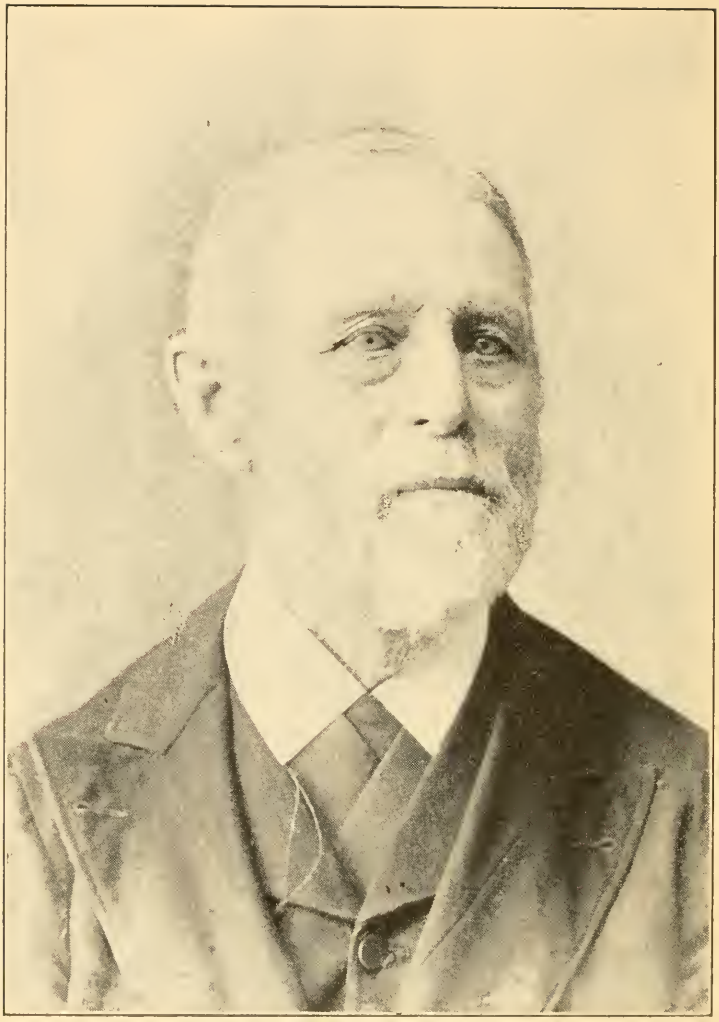
for ten years from the date of the signatures of this convention, to the vessels, citizens and subjects of the two powers; it being well understood that the agreement is not to be construed to the prejudice of any claim which either of the two high contracting parties may have to any part of said country; nor shall it be taken to affect the claims of any other power or State to any of said country: the only object of the high contracting parties in that respect being to prevent disputes and differences among themselves."

You note the fact that this is a treaty of indecision; a "*modus vivendi*" which set tled nothing: it was intended to settle nothing, but to lull to slumber every question which might arise regarding the occupation of this territory. That was its immediate object. England had every possible reason, — through the Hudson Bay Company which was skimming the rich cream from this vast area unhindered, — to prevent any agitation whatever by which the question of ultimate possession could

be even remotely considered. England did not care to *own* the country; she preferred to go on skimming the cream, which was the safer policy. For if England or America or any other nation once raised the question of ownership, light would be thrown upon these hidden leagues, which would reveal their richness; and settlers would flock thither, every one of whom, no matter of what nationality, would imperil the profits of the Hudson Bay Fur Company by substituting agriculture and commerce for Indian trapping and trading.

The policy of silence therefore, aided by judicious deceit and hiding of the real facts, while they continued to pile up their undisturbed profits, was a shrewd policy, and none knew better how to press it than those long-headed schemers who had successfully managed this great monopoly for several generations.

You must have clearly seen by this time that it was not England's interest to inform even her own people concerning this Northwest territory: for an English settler would



REV. CUSHING EELLS, D.D.
Pioneer Missionary and Founder of Whitman College
See Page 70

damage the fur trade as surely as any other. It was her purpose to keep it wild, without intrusion from any source, and to stave off the entire question of national ownership by the policy of silence or perversion of the real facts to the last possible moment. When, at last, the question of ownership would no longer down, then, of course, England intended to foreclose upon those broad leagues whose value no one knew as well as did the Hudson Bay Company "factor."

Thus much is needed to show the spirit of the treaty from which we have quoted, and the solid reasons for its non-committal provisions.

The treaty of 1818, reveals a policy of "*laissez faire:*" Do nothing: say little: keep dark: and so they continued, with prudence and refined skill, politely to freeze out every settler, to break every plowshare, to arrest every approaching wagon wheel, and to prevent by a system of overland forts and seaport surveillance, every projected step which looked toward

actual occupancy of the country. This deliberate policy was incarnate in that treaty. Just before its expiration, in 1827, its terms were re-affirmed, so that the giant company which had coined money out of savage life and wilderness productions for more than fifteen decades of power, continued its profitable work until the surging ambitions of a growing American civilization trenched upon its silent, savage sections of unsurveyed expanse, and this "let-alone, —keep-dark" policy came at last to an end. It had been a long, successful struggle.

By the Ashburton Treaty signed August 9, 1842, between Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster, establishing the present boundary between Maine and Canada, ending the African slave trade, agreeing upon the extradition of criminals and other matters, the Hudson Bay Company was shorn of its kingly power and greatly restricted in its operation, though it still continues working a mine of wealth and paying not less than $400,000 in annual dividends to its

stockholders. The Ashburton Treaty fixing the boundary at forty-nine required the United States to liquidate the claims of the Hudson Bay Company and the Puget Sound Company below the forty-ninth parallel, and Canada to pay those of the two companies above that latitude. These bills amounted to over ten million dollars, but were eventually settled for much less than that sum.

Going back now to the period before the negotiation of the treaty, we find it tacitly understood by both nations that, while the claims of neither to the ownership of this territory should be pressed to an issue upon the basis of discovery or possession, so long as that possession was based merely upon the establishment of trading posts and occasional entrèe into the lands by sporadic excursions, — yet the actual occupancy of the soil by any considerable body of settlers, reclaiming its acres for agriculture and subduing the same to the plow, should be recognized as a substantial claim to ownership.

The difficulties of such occupation from the sea were vast, owing to the immense distance from any base of supplies, the unknown features, and ill reports generally prevalent, and the perpetual vigilance of the guard interposed by the self-interested Fur Companies. The difficulties of its occupation by land were even greater, owing to the well-nigh impassable mountain barriers, the wide and deadly stretches of unwatered plain, and the extended line of the Hudson Bay Company's forts, furnished with every artifice of truth or falsehood to deter immigrants from undertaking to continue their perilous journey to the coast.

Following is a list of the claims which the United States had put forward in defense of her right to the Oregon country before its actual settlement:

I. Oregon belonged to the United States by right of discovery; witness the voyage of Captain Gray of Boston into the Columbia River in 1792.

HIGH SCHOOL, WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

II. The Louisiana Purchase, by which France sold to the United States her entire right to the Northwest, from New Orleans to the sunset, for fifteen million dollars, in 1803.

III. The explorations of the United States Commission of "Lewis and Clarke" in 1804-06, which reached the head waters of the Columbia River by land, and followed it to its mouth on the Pacific.

IV. The actual settlement of Astoria on the Columbia by an American Fur Company, which, though a private enterprise, had the sanction of the Government. In the Treaty of Ghent, Astoria which had been captured by an English squadron, was ordered restored to the United States.

V. The Treaty with Spain in 1818, by which she relinquished all claim to the disputed territory in favor of the United States.

VI. The Mexican Treaty of 1828 which gave to the United States any interest which Mexico may ever have had in the disputed territory.

The claim of England to the Northwest, or the Oregon country, rested primarily upon the *quasi* ownership of the land by the Hudson Bay Fur Company and its occupation by that company; this we have seen was no proper settlement but a monopoly to prevent settlement.

England also demurred at Captain Gray's claim to the discovery of the Columbia River, on the ground that he only sailed a few miles up the river, while Vancouver, shortly after, thoroughly explored it.

The lines are now drawn, and we are prepared to uncover a series of events by which, in the race for actual possession of the lands and reclaiming them for agriculture, the United States by a sudden and brilliant *coup d'etat* strode far to the front, distanced her rival unmistakably and made the Treaty of 1846, which flung our flag to the breeze forever, a logical necessity.

The critical move by which this castle fell was made by a pawn, but in making it he reached the king's row, and richly

deserves a crown! The facts are not as widely known and generally taught as they should be, and have even been disputed by some who would rob this christian martyr of his rights; but they are unmistakably proven; and it is my joy to bring into the limelight certain significant facts of history which I have either observed at first hand or heard described by the lips of trustworthy, living witnesses as herein related. The first act in the decisive drama which grew into a tragedy, is unsurpassed in the pages of romance and yet bears all the marks of truth. I first heard the tale from the lips of an aged pioneer, "Father Eells," whom I laid away in Tacoma at the age of eighty-three, burying many precious secrets with his wornout body. He was a dear friend and associate of Dr. Marcus Whitman, and was himself stationed near that section of the territory from which the initial movement started. The story is this:—

In 1832, four Flathead Indian chiefs appeared in the streets of Saint Louis, then

a frontier city, seeking "the white man's Book of Life." Their worn and weary condition, after their fateful journey of three thousand miles, evidenced the truth of their utterances. General Clark was then in military command at Saint Louis and he took them in charge. As his Indian experience enabled him to communicate with them, he showed them the churches,—he was a good Roman Catholic,—also the various interesting institutions of the city, but could give them no light upon the object of their search.

Unused to the rich food and civilized habits of the city, two of them died during the winter. In the spring the remaining two chiefs set out for their distant home. General Clark gave them a farewell banquet at which the leading chief uttered the following speech, brimming with Indian eloquence and pathos, doubtless losing much in translation; but even so it was enough to stir the hearts of Christians with unwonted missionary zeal.

HOUSE OF JOHN W. LANGDON, WALLA WALLA

He said:—"I come to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly open, for more light for my people who sit in darkness: I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people! I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them: I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us; they were the braves of many winters and wars; we leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams; they were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out.

"My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me to where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the Book was not there: you took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the

images of the good spirits and the pictures of the Good Land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long and sad trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins grow old in carrying them, yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves: one by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds: no white man will go with them, and no white man's Book will make the way plain.

"I have no more words."

Of the historic genuineness of this strange mission from the Flatheads there can be no reasonable doubt. Gray, Reed, Simpson, Barrow, Parkman and Bancroft all record the fact. The speech bears all the marks of sincerity, as all who are

familiar with such quaint, weird outbursts of Indian eloquence can testify.

This speech was published, with the challenge, "Who will respond, to go beyond the Rocky Mountains and carry the Book of Heaven?" Traceable no doubt in part to this appeal, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Boston, sent to Oregon in 1836, Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife and Dr. and Mrs. Henry H. Spaulding as missionaries to the Indians of that territory.

That was a wonderful journey for delicate ladies and professional men to undertake. Trails were wild and difficult as well as dangerous: an adequate escort was not easily obtained; Indians were untrustworthy en route, and perils manifold; but it was heroically undertaken and successfully carried to completion, not for earthly gain but in the hope of doing good to a needy, savage race, some of whom at least had heard a note of hope, and were eager for the Book of Life.

The hero of this tale and the leader of

the mission was Dr. Marcus Whitman, who was born September 4, 1802, at Rushville, New York. When eight years of age he lost his father and was then sent to Plainfield, Massachusetts, where he was converted and took up the study of Latin with Rev. Moses Hallock, a noted educator of that period, for forty-five years minister of the Congregational church in that place.

Marcus Whitman longed to become a minister but was dissuaded by his brothers on account of his limited means; so he studied medicine with Dr. Ira Bryant of Rushville, and practised four years in Canada, after which he renewed his determination to study for the ministry, but was finally obliged to relinquish his long-cherished ideal. With a passion for adventure, and a deep religious conviction, he offered himself to the American Board to go anywhere they might choose to send him.

Mrs. Whitman, his wife, was Miss Narcissa Prentiss, born in Prattsburg, New York, March 14, 1808. She also had

A WALLA WALLA RESIDENCE

offered herself to the Board as a foreign missionary. It was about these days that the Flathead Indians made their pathetic appeal, and the Board determined to send Dr. Whitman to Oregon in response: these two appointees, after limited opportunity for love making, were married at Angelica, New York, in 1836, on the eve of starting, and their wedding journey took them several thousand miles across the continent when such a journey was one of great hardship and peril, never before undertaken by any white woman.

When the farewell hymn was sung at the parting service in the church, this young missionary was in the choir, and as they reached the last stanza of the hymn beginning

> "Yes, my native land I love thee
> All thy scenes I love them well;
> Friends, connections, happy country,
> Can I bid you all farewell!"

the scene was too tender for the sympathetic people, and Mrs. Whitman's was

the only voice that carried the song clear to its close, amid the tears of many weeping friends.

Starting in snow and mud by sleigh and stage, they went to Pittsburg, thence by steamer to Saint Louis, and overland under the protection of the American Fur Company who were just off for their annual expedition to the mountains. The company had broken faith with them and were already five days on the road: to overtake them was a desperate chase, but they won the race, and Dr. Whitman with his farm wagon, Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Gray and two Indian boys, with horses and cows, pressed on over the long, long trail.

We may not tarry upon the details of that romantic but exhausting ride: the fording of rivers; traversing wearisome plains; the difficult and perilous passes; illness and weariness; but unwavering faith was theirs as the eventful wedding journey took them far away into those Indian fastnesses toward the great Pacific. Referring to their path over the Rocky Mountains

which Dr. Whitman himself discovered,— Dr. Nixon says, "Fremont discovered this pass in 1842, and went through it again in 1843 — but it is well to remember that upon this notable bridal tour, these Christian ladies passed over the same route six years before the 'Pathfinder' or the engineer corps of the United States ever saw it." When they reached the summit of the Rockies, — where the Atlantic slope begins to dip to the westward and becomes the slope to the Pacific, — there, on the Fourth of July 1836, they alighted from their horses, spread their blankets upon the wild grass, planted the American flag to wave in the breeze, and kneeling, took possession of the Pacific slope "in the name of God and of the United States!" There was no declaiming of the Declaration of Independence; no band of music and oratory, yet few Independence days have witnessed a more tender or pathetic, aye, prophetic scene, than this one just over the great Rocky Mountain divide!

One incident of the journey is worthy

of note, for it became historic: it was the dogged determination of Dr. Whitman, to take through to the coast his farm wagon. It greatly enhanced the difficulty of the mountain passes, for sometimes a half dozen times a day it would tumble into a gulch, upset upon the rocks and otherwise hinder their progress: but he kept his wagon, and triumphantly brought it with him into the valley of the Columbia, landing it at Waiilatpu where he finally established his mission. All previous immigrants had been persuaded to leave their wagons at Fort Hall, but Dr. Whitman was persistent, and we shall discover later the reason why.

When they reached the rendezvous in the mountains, the Flathead and Nez Perces Indians welcomed these missionaries with great enthusiasm, and a large band of Indian women "with raven hair in two plaits, and white dresses of goat skins, ornamented with glass beads and haiqua shells glistening in the shining sun,— riding gracefully, with a plaintive song

LARGEST APPLE TREE IN THE WORLD, WALLA WALLA VALLEY

and smiling countenances gave the white women a hearty shake of the hand," and were "not satisfied until they had taken them from their horses and saluted them with a kiss," — the mission of the chiefs to Saint Louis was bearing fruit.

The results of this and subsequent missionary movements, in moulding Indian character, in saving and training native savages into the Christian temper and faith, belong rather to the domain of religious annals and the psychology of the savage mind as it meets the inevitable tide of incoming civilization, and is buoyed up or swamped by the billow as the case may be. We may not tarry now for such fascinating research, or interesting discussion; for we are rather concerned in this narrative with those events which gave us the land, and caused our flag to float above it in peaceful possession: events in which the mission at Waiilatpu, and its superb leader Dr. Whitman, played so signal a part. We therefore slip over the six years of uncertainty, exploration and ne-

gotiations which finally determined the site of the mission and many details of its work, and come to the year 1842, when quite a party of settlers had accumulated near Waiilatpu,—(Walla Walla,) and the question of organizing a civil government under the stars and stripes was being vigorously agitated.

Those were days of uneasiness and uncertainty. English settlers had also multiplied; they were better organized, and were really the autocrats of the country. But the still-hunt for preëmption was not yet over: neither nation had been able to bring in settlers enough, or to induce a movement of sufficient strength to be decisive. So they watched each other; restive, chafing under what seemed to them neglect, longing for recognition by their respective governments, awaiting protection, and eagerly looking for the day when their own home authorities should take some worthy notice of their pioneer citizens struggling for a permanent foothold in that far-away empire.

"OLD MISSION" AT WAHLATPU, WASHINGTON
(Courtesy of Silver, Burdette & Co.)

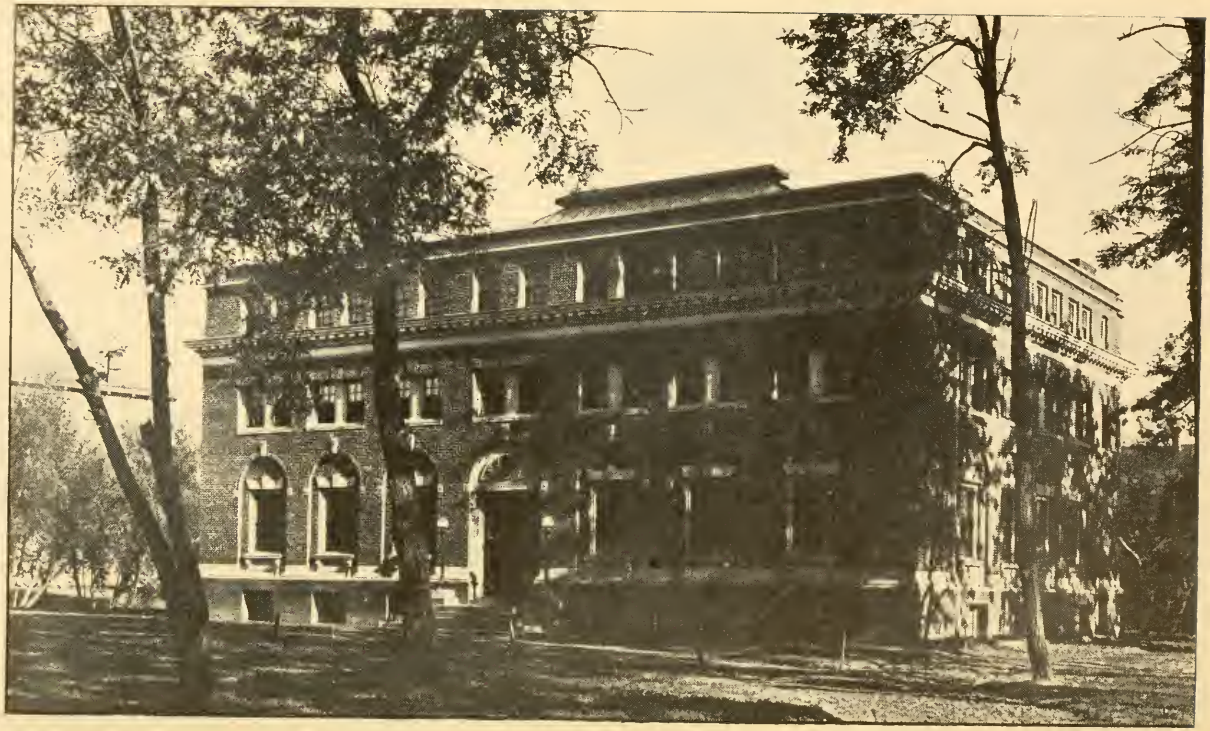
Such was the condition of affairs in the early autumn of 1842. The Indians were friendly to the mission, but were strongly influenced by their old-time patrons, the great English fur traders, and were somewhat suspicious of the newcomers. Those English Companies were *now* eager for English settlers: their policy in this regard had radically changed, for the world was opening its eyes to the wealth of this western empire, and growing anxious to possess it: the fur companies therefore were breathless, expectant, and waiting!

Our American missionaries also were eager for events: nominally, — yes, really, — devoted to their moral and religious work, they were not negligent of the crisis which was upon them. There was one among them who was a citizen before he was a missionary, and who loved his Country as he loved his God. He was a seer too, — who had the strands of a hero woven into his soul, and who saw that the possession of this vast productive domain by the United States was a consummation

of vastly more importance to the world and to the flag, than teaching a few Indian braves the Catechism; so he was watchful, nerved to the limit for any imminent opportunity that might open to him. It soon came.

The arrival at the mission, in September, 1842, of Amos L. Lovejoy, with a company of settlers, brought the first news to Dr. Whitman of the state of affairs at Washington touching the Oregon country. Through him he learned that the Ashburton Treaty which it was supposed would fix the boundary between the United States and England from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would probably be signed before the adjournment of Congress in the following March.

It was now September, 1842, and Dr. Whitman, with his usual instantaneous conviction, at once decided that he must go immediately to Washington and lay the matter of Oregon and its ownership before President Tyler and the Secretary of State, Daniel Webster. There was no other



CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, WHITMAN COLLEGE, WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

possible way of communication, and the President was ignorant of the essential facts, which Dr. Whitman so well knew, and the significance of which he had the vision to discern. The next day he visited a sick man at Fort Walla Walla, one of the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company. There he found a score of English traders assembled and about sitting down to a banquet: he, the doctor, was invited to join them. The discussion soon turned upon the approaching treaty, and Whitman heard all, but said little: he was only the doctor!

While the banquet was in progress the company was startled by the arrival of an express messenger riding hard from Colville, three hundred and fifty miles up the river, saying that a company of one hundred and forty English and Canadian settlers were on the road for the Columbia Valley. One young priest threw his cap into the air and shouted: "Hurrah! for Oregon! America is too late! We've got the country!!!"

A lesser hero than Dr. Whitman would have gone back saddened to his mission, wondering at the strange apathy of the United States Government and the mysterious Providence of God! Not so he! Though it was then late in the fall, and a mid-winter journey across the mountains was suicidal, — an unheard-of undertaking, — his decision was quickly made. With hardly a day's delay; without even waiting for an important letter that was in preparation to the American Board regarding the mission, "because the king's business required haste," and the loss of territorial sovereignty was imminent, — on the early morning of October 3d, 1842, Marcus Whitman, patriot hero even to martyrdom, bid a long good-bye to his faithful wife, and started, with one man, a guide and three pack mules, on that long and memorable ride to Washington to save Oregon to the flag. A conference of all the mission strongly urged him to desist from so perilous an undertaking, realizing the probably fatal outcome of the exposure,

but as his determined spirit would brook no restraint, a reluctant consent was given, and in three days he was off.

The perils and sufferings of that historic ride are enough to melt the stoutest heart; old mountaineers point to it as without a parallel in history, and it was believed by all to be a "ride down into the valley of the shadow of death."

But Dr. Whitman was not a man to surrender to fear. His only thought was: "I must reach Washington before Congress adjourns or all may be lost!"

By rapid riding they reached Fort Hall in eleven days. There the old enemy of American immigration who had persuaded every settler except Marcus Whitman to part with his wagon there because "it is impossible to take a wagon over the Rockies," again undertook to defeat his journey to the States.

Without any definite information on the subject, this officer, Captain Grant, mistrusted that nothing but business of the utmost importance could lead a man to

make so perilous an attempt; and what could that urgent business be but the fundamental question of the ownership of the Oregon country! Therefore he told him of the hopelessness of the effort, of the snow already twenty feet deep on the mountain ranges, of the hostile Indians now on the warpath, and of successive snowstorms daily destroying every possibility of making the hopeless passage. Whitman could not be detained by force, for he had a passport from the Government at Washington; but the officer seemed to have won his case when they all retired to rest. Judge of his chagrin when, in the early morning, Dr. Whitman mounted his horse, and instead of turning toward the coast as he supposed he would, set out vigorously and fearlessly in a Southeasterly direction to discover a new route to the States! He knew the general trend of the ranges; was a hardy and experienced mountaineer, and he knew of the Sante Fe trail to the East a thousand miles South of Fort Hall; but would it be possible to

WHITMAN COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

reach it over the trackless mountains! It was for him no question of safety, but of the relentless urgency of duty! Nothing could detain him when once convinced that the interests of his country demanded the sacrifice.

The weather grew more severe and the snowstorms were terrific. They were sometimes compelled to seek shelter in some deep ravine and were detained days at a time waiting for relief from the piercing winds and impassable drifting snows. Once, after wandering several days without much real progress, the guide confessed himself hopelessly lost: then they returned to Fort Uncompagra to get a new guide, which cost the loss of seven days.

Once, in a dark defile, their animals wild with pelting snow and cold, they found advance impossible and every trace of the path they had traversed entirely obliterated. Dismounting, in his extremity Dr. Whitman kneeled in the snow and committed unto God the future of Oregon, his mission there and his beloved wife:

meanwhile the mule, left thus to himself, turned his long ears this way and that, and suddenly plunged through the drifts, the party following; for the old guide said: "That mule will find our last camp if he lives long enough," and he did: the storm abated and they moved on.

They reached Grand River, the crossing of which was always dreaded even in summer, because of its strong, deep current. At this time it was frozen two hundred feet on either side, but so swift was the current that an unfrozen torrent of icy waters was sweeping by between the ice-banks, and the guide said: "It cannot be crossed." "*We must cross it, and at once,*" said the intrepid Doctor, and cutting a pole he drove his horse to the edge of the ice, and said to his companions: "Now you shove me off;" which they did. There was a sudden plunge; the horse and rider ominously disappeared, but presently rose to the surface and boldly struck out swimming: soon they reached the further ice, — broke it with the pole until it was

MOUNT "RANIER" OR MOUNT "TACOMA," WASHINGTON 14,444 FEET HIGH

strong enough to bear his weight, when he sprung from the saddle, and soon had the horse with him on solid ice, and both were safe. The rest of the party followed his example and the perilous transit was over.

The many incidents of this journey surpass the wildest romance: once a wolf stole his only axe — attracted by a leather thong that bound the helve, — and it was never seen again; a priceless treasure.

But we must hasten on with him to the end. He reached Santa Fe at last, but could there learn nothing of the treaty, and he pressed on. At Saint Louis he eagerly inquired: "Has the Ashburton Treaty been signed?" "Yes, in August;" two months before he left Oregon; and it was passed by the Senate and signed by the President, November tenth, while he was floundering in the snows of the mountain cañons. "Did it include Oregon?" "No!" nobody cared about Oregon: it settled the ownership of a few controverted acres in the North of Maine, but the Oregon question was listlessly left open for some more

convenient moment. He pressed on, still hopeful and determined.

It was the third of March when he reached the Capitol, five months to a day since he left his door on the Walla Walla; and now he must see the President! He wore coarse garments and buckskin breeches; hands, feet and face had been severely frozen; his chin was covered with five months' beard, and the manners of the mountaineer had become natural to him. But he secured the coveted interview, first with Webster and then with President Tyler, and told them his story. Webster declared that settlement of that distant country was impossible; that a wagon road could never be built across those trackless mountains, and that the land was worthless and wholly inaccessible. Rising in his majestic conviction, Dr. Whitman said: "Mr. Secretary, that is the grand mistake that has been made by listening to the enemies of American interests in Oregon: six years ago I was told there was no wagon road to Oregon and it was impos-

STATUE OF MARCUS WHITMAN, PHILADELPHIA

sible to take a wagon there; and yet, in spite of pleading and almost threats, *I took a wagon over the road and have it now!*" Then warming up in his description of the wealth of the Oregon country, he said: "Mr. Secretary, you had better give all New England for the cod and mackerel fisheries of Newfoundland than to barter away Oregon."

That was a memorable meeting; here was a new character for those polished diplomats to deal with. He asked nothing for himself; wanted only his country's wealth, and honor to the flag! The words of this hardy pioneer, with the scars of his battling with the elements upon him, the wear of five weary months lining his brow; not a stitch of woven material on his back, nor a thread of selfish ambition in his soul, made a deep impression upon the President and were not lost upon the learned Secretary, — although the fisheries of his New England constituency were very dear to him. At last President Tyler granted his one request: — viz. — that nothing should

be done toward parting with Oregon until Whitman himself should be given time to demonstrate its accessibility to immigration from the States by land.

Whitman was content: it was enough; he knew his ground and his ability to accomplish the self-imposed task. His matchless ride, — which put Sheridan's into the shade, for personal peril and insistent bravery, — had not been in vain; and now the welcome duty was upon him to secure immigrants and conduct them into the Columbia Valley.

Already other agencies also were at work to induce settlers to go to Oregon: quite a company had migrated thither the preceding year, and more were preparing to follow in the summer of 1843. When therefore Dr. Whitman had secured from President Tyler the desired promise of delay in negotiating the surrender of the Oregon country, he immediately wrote to the Saint Louis papers, and also published a pamphlet, and scattered far and wide his intention to lead a colony of settlers across

HOME OF PROF. L. F. ANDERSON, WALLA WALLA

the mountains that season. Inspiring confidence in many who were hesitatingly considering such a migration, he interested many others; instructed them in regard to the cattle and sheep required; assured them of the feasibility of taking wagons across, and offered personally to conduct the expedition in safety to the Columbia or the Willamette Valley.

Gathering together the scattered companies, and guiding them as occasion required, he met his triumphant Waterloo at Fort Hall where Captain Grant again plied all his arts to induce the immigrants to leave their wagons: nothing but Dr. Whitman's determination could persuade them to keep their wagons, but this they finally did, and the redoubtable Doctor conducted them over in safety and landed them near his mission station in the early autumn. The Honorable Jesse Applegate, in his "Day with the Cow Column in 1843," says: "From the time Dr. Whitman joined us on the Platte until he left us at Fort Hall, his great experience

and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migrating column. His constant advice, which we knew was based on a knowledge of the road before us, was: 'Travel, travel, travel! nothing else will take you to the end of your journey; nothing is wise that does not help you along; nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay!' It is no disparagement to others to say that to no other individual are the emigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey as to Dr. Marcus Whitman."

This single incident reveals something of the versatility needed and secured through the ripe experience and personal sagacity of their leader. Honorable S. A. Clarke who was one of the party, writes:

"At the crossing of the Snake River, all the teams were chained together in a long string, the strongest in the lead, and the weakest in the middle. For quite a space the water was swift and deep. As soon as the teams were in position, Dr. Whitman

tied a rope around his wrist, and starting his horse into the swift stream, swam him over it. He then called for several others to do the same, and when there were enough of them to give the required force, the lead team was started into the current, and by the strength of the men and horses on the other side, they were drawn across. The long line of cattle swung down the stream in the center, carried down by the strong current, but as soon as the lead teams touched bottom on the further side, everything was safe."

Thus they went on over the long, long line of wearisome travel, — that great procession, of wagons, cattle and men. A very few of the original immigrants still remain, and one of the author's honored friends in Walla Walla was a child of two years when she crossed the continent with this great caravan, of which Dr. Whitman was the safety and the inspiration.

* * * * *

Let me interrupt this historic progress of events by an incident of to-day: — the

author was invited to give an address on this theme before the High Schools of Oakland, California, in their large hall: a thousand students had gathered to listen. As I approached the door, an elderly man in workman's garb, addressed me as follows: "Is this Dr. Hallock and are you going to speak of Marcus Whitman?" "I am." "Are you going to tell of the great procession of cattle and immigrants coming down the Blue Mountains into the valley?" "I certainly am!" "Then," said he "I *must* come in and hear, for I loved Dr. Whitman; he was the life of the caravan; and I, a lad of seventeen, *drove the front team* in that procession down the Blue Mountains!" The adoring driver sat with me on the platform, and when, at the climax of the description, I pointed to this humble toiler, the students rose as one man and gave him three rousing cheers. The modest man blushed like a girl, and it was a proud moment for that sturdy admirer of the great Doctor.

* * * * *

IN THE WALLA WALLA VALLEY, WASHINGTON

The long caravan covered its wearisome route successfully, and on the brightest day of September, 1843, eleven months from the time he bid good-bye to his faithful wife at Waiilatpu, — and she had heard not a single word in all that time, — Mrs. Whitman lifted her waiting eyes and saw that vast company of a thousand settlers, with cattle, and sheep, wagons and other implements of husbandry, descending into the Walla Walla Valley : — soon came the clatter of hoofs in the street, and lo! the man she loved was at her door, and the long suspense was over: Dr. Whitman was at home!

Aye! and more than that! The country was saved : the valley of the Columbia settled : and as we look over those eventful pages of human progress, through heroism and daring and determined effort, we are able now to answer the question, Why our flag floats over Oregon. It was *because of Marcus Whitman's ride to Washington, in the winter of 1842–3, to tell the President and Secretary, before it*

was too late, the value of the empire which they were on the point of bartering away to England for "a few small fishes!"

If Paul Revere at Lexington, and Archie Gillespie at Johnstown, and Sheridan at Winchester are immortalized by their eventful rides, surely poet and painter may find rare theme also for their genius in delineating this unparalleled ride of Dr. Marcus Whitman, during that terrible half year of struggle with the storms and gulches, the cold and bitter exposures of the Stoney Mountains. And he won his contention.

Hence, by this culmination of many events, the land is ours, — not England's,— and our flag floats over it in peaceful possession!

The New York Independent published, some years ago, a poem by Alice Wellington Rollins, entitled "Whitman's Ride." We select a few extracts from her poem: —

"Then he said 'GOOD-BYE!' and with firm-set lips
Silently rode from his cabin door

"THE GREAT GRAVE" IN 1866, AT WAHLATPU, WASHINGTON

See Page 59

Just as the sun rose over the tips
Of the phantom mountains that loomed before
The woman there in the cabin door ;
With a dread at her heart she had not known
When she, with him, had dared to cross
The Great Divide. None better than she
Knew what the terrible ride would cost
As he rode, and she waited, each alone.
Whether all were gained or all were lost,
No message of either gain or loss
Could reach her ; never a greeting stir
Her heart with sorrow or gladness ; — he
In another year would come back to her
If all went well ; and if all went ill —
Ah ! God ! could even her courage still
The pain at her heart ? If the blinding snow
Were his winding sheet, she would never know :
If the Indian arrow pierced his side,
She would never know where he lay and died :
If the icy mountain torrents drowned
His cry for help, she would hear no sound !
Nay, none would hear, save God, who knew
What she had to bear, and he had to do.

. . . . . .

" Four thousand miles from his cabin door
The Potomac meets the Atlantic. On
Over the trail grown rough and steep,
Now soft on the snow, now loud on the rock,

Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides : —
The United States must keep Oregon!

It was October when he left
The Walla Walla, though little heed
Paid he to the season. Nay indeed,
In the lonely cañons just ahead
Little mattered it what the almanac said.

It was November when they came
To the icy stream : would he hesitate ?
Not he ! the man who carried a State
At his saddle-bow. . . .

It is December as they ride
Slowly across the Great Divide.

It was February when they rode
Into Saint Louis : . . .

It was March when he rode at last
Into the streets of Washington.
The warning questions came thick and fast ; —
' Do you know that the British will colonize,
If you wait another year, Oregon
And the Northwest, thirty-six times the size
Of Massachusetts ? ' . . .

. . . . . .

" It was October, forty-two
When the clattering hoof-beats died away

On the Walla Walla, that fateful day.
It was September, forty-three —
Little less than a year, you see —
When the woman who waited thought she heard
The clatter of foot-beats that she knew
On the Walla Walla again. ' What word
From Whitman ? ' *Whitman himself !* And see !
What do her glad eyes look upon ?
The first of two hundred wagons rolls
Into the valley before her. He
Who, a year ago, had left her side,
Had brought them over the Great Divide —
Men, women and children, a thousand souls —
The army to occupy Oregon !

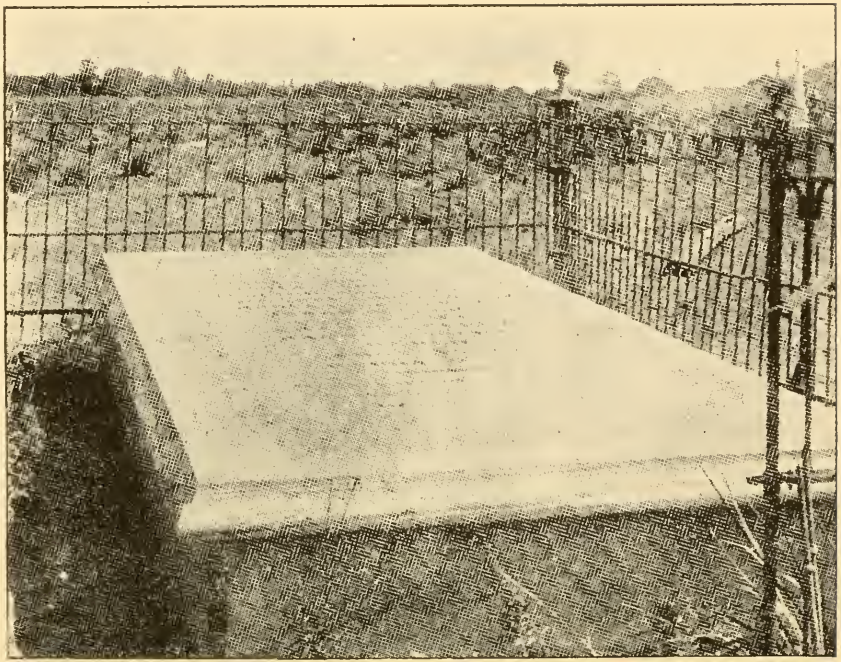
You know the rest. In the books you have read
That the British were not a year ahead.
The United States have kept Oregon
Because of one Marcus Whitman. He
Rode eight thousand miles, and was not too late !

. . . . . .

" And Whitman ? Ah ! my children, he
And his wife sleep now in a martyr's grave ! "

Yes ! the sequel is a sad, sad tragedy of martyrdom. In 1843 Whitman was in Washington. In 1846 the treaty was

signed which secured to us the country, with the 49th parallel of latitude as the international boundary. News traveled slowly in those days and it was 1847 when the British settlers knew they had lost the country irrevocably. It was a stunning blow to them, and Dr. Whitman was a shining mark for vengeance. There are serious indications that the development of hostility among the hitherto friendly Indians was not unsuggested by other than Indians: but we confine ourselves to well-known facts. Enough to say, that on the twenty-ninth day of November, 1847, while the Doctor was prescribing for a sick Indian, another Indian who had long been his faithful friend, crept up stealthily behind him as he sat leaning over, and drawing a hatchet from beneath his blanket, struck the back of his head with fatal force, and Dr. Whitman fell with his death-wound, inflicted in a moment of distrust by the hand of one whom he loved and had sought to help and save! Thirteen others were butchered and the Mission



THE GRAVE TO-DAY

was practically wiped out. A heap of sods was thrown over their assembled remains, making a mound long known as "The Great Grave." This was fenced in later by a group of students who had pity, and for fifty years no other monument marked the spot where fell as heroic a patriot and devoted a missionary, as ever loved the flag: and he planted it to stay, upon the broad land "Where rolls the Oregon," whose value he well knew and whose secrets he told to the world at the peril of his life, and "was not too late!"

As confirming some facts regarding Dr. Whitman's ride and his subsequent conduct of the immigrants across to the Columbia, there are two State papers on file in the Office of the Secretary of War at Washington, bearing this endorsement:

"Marcus Whitman; inclosing synopsis of a bill, with his views in reference to importance of the Oregon Territory, War. 382 — rec. June 22, 1844."

The letter of Dr. Whitman proceeds to say: —

"To the Hon. James M. Porter, Secretary of War:

"Sir — In compliance with the request you did me the honor to make last winter while in Washington, I herewith transmit to you the synopsis of a bill which, if it could be adopted, would, according to my experience and observation, prove highly conducive to the best interests of the United States generally, to Oregon where I have resided for more than seven years as a missionary, and to the Indian tribes that inhabit the immediate country. The Government will now doubtless for the first time be apprised through you, or by means of this communication, of the immense immigration of families to Oregon which has taken place this year. I have, since our interview, been instrumental in piloting across the route described in the accompanying bill, and which is the only eligible wagon road, no less than three hundred families, consisting of one thousand persons of both sexes, with their wagons amounting to one hundred and twenty, six hundred

MARKET GARDEN NEAR WALLA WALLA

and ninety-four oxen, and seven hundred and seventy-three loose cattle.

"The emigrants are from different States, but principally from Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois and New York. The majority of them are farmers, lured by the prospect of bounty in lands, by the reported fertility of the soil, and by the desire to be first among those who are planting our Institutions on the Pacific Coast. Among them are artisans of every trade, comprising, with farmers, the very best material for a new colony. As pioneers these people have undergone incredible hardships, and having now safely passed the Blue Mountain Range with their wagons and effects, have established a durable road from Missouri to Oregon, which will serve to mark permanently the route for larger numbers each succeeding year, while they have practically demonstrated that wagons drawn by horses or oxen can cross the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River, contrary to all the sinister assertions of those who pretended it to be impossible, etc., etc."

The letter proceeds to suggest a system of "posts" along the route which shall facilitate the movements of colonists, furnish adequate supplies at reasonable cost, and afford protection from Indian tribes. The Bill itself is designed to promote safe intercourse with Oregon, to suppress the violence of Indians, to protect the revenue and mail transportation, etc.

The last public writing of Dr. Whitman bears date of October 16th, 1847, only one month before his death, and is also addressed to the Secretary of War, touching the proposed army posts, and suggesting plans to guard against smuggling, furnishing liquors to Indians, etc., looking toward an efficient police, and designed to cement the friendliness of the Indian tribes.

In a Senate document (Forty-first Congress, February 9, 1871) we read: —

"There is no doubt but the arrival of Dr. Whitman in 1843 was opportune. The President was satisfied that the country was worth the effort to win it. The

delay was fortunate, for there is reason to believe that if the offer had been renewed of the forty-ninth parallel to the Columbia and thence down the river to the Pacific Ocean, it would have been accepted. The visit of Whitman committed the President against any such action."

An intimate personal friend of Webster writes in the *Independent,* 1870: "It is safe to assert that our country owes it to Dr. Whitman and his associate missionaries, that all the territory West of the Rocky Mountains and as far South as the Columbia River is not now owned by England and held by the Hudson Bay Company."

And immediately after the conference with Dr. Whitman in Washington, Webster wrote to Minister Everett and said:— "The Government of the United States has never offered any line South of forty-nine and never will." A great transformation of opinion, whose cause is not far to seek. Then the success of Whitman's

party of immigration was heralded far and wide, and a signal conversion of public sentiment resulted: instead of the fatal apathy of the past, an enthusiastic party was organized, emblazoning upon its banners the legend, "Fifty-four-forty or fight!", and the Columbia as an international boundary was forever rejected. A very reasonable compromise was effected, on the basis of the forty-ninth parallel, as incorporated in the treaty of 1846, and Oregon, in its larger significance, was finally covered by the stars and stripes.

And what is Oregon? It is an Empire! It contains such timber forests, of fir, cedar and pine as nowhere else puncture the sky with golden tips! It has developed mines, rich in gold and silver, and coal and iron, that will make many rich. It has evolved a commerce with the Orient which already in its infancy brings a hundred thousand tons of tea, — with train-loads of silks — into a single Puget Sound port each year. What cargoes have been unladen on our

ARTESIAN WELL, WALLA WALLA

Pacific wharves, — rich argosies of the far East!

Oregon! its area equals the combined acres of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and enough left to make three Connecticuts; and our flag floats over it all in undisputed possession, — thanks to Dr. Marcus Whitman! *He* placed those stars there as he battled with storms and snows in mountain passes, with Oregon in his pocket, during that ever-memorable winter of 1842-3.

Dr. Whitman builded better than he knew; but Whitman knew more about Oregon, and saw its coming future better than Daniel Webster or President Tyler, and they learned of him! Had he waited until spring as friends advised, all North of the Columbia had been British today, and the chances are that we should never have owned a foot of land on the Pacific Coast. Had he waited till spring,

either Oregon would have been ceded before his arrival at the Capitol, and, — since it was only in the following May that war was declared with Mexico, probably our possession of California would have been imperilled, and all its golden treasures lost by us!

Other men than Marcus Whitman, and other agencies than missionary, conspired to secure unto us so grand an empire; — but the culmination was imminent: — the wealth of lands so little known, was silently slipping inevitably from our grasp and the hour for which England waited was about to strike! It was reserved for Dr. Whitman to ride across the wintry leagues, with the key to the situation dangling from his brawny wrist; he placed it safely in the President's keeping: then he himself opened the pass of the Rockies, the door of empire, — to a thousand settlers, and the Coast, — the Kingdom, — of the Pacific was ours to the end of time!

Washington did not make American liberty: Lincoln alone did not free the

American slave: Whitman did not capture Oregon: but as truly as the fate of freedom turned upon the career of Washington, — or the fetters fell from the black man of America by the stroke of Lincoln's pen, — so surely was Oregon saved to the Union by the timely tidings which Whitman carried to the White House at the peril of his life, telling the truth about Oregon, and flinging our flag to the winds that blow from the golden shores of that wide, western sea! Anchored as we now are, on the great Pacific, we inscribe upon it the honored name of Marcus Whitman. And on the twenty-ninth of November 1897, fifty years to a day from the massacre at the Mission, a great assembly packed the Opera House at Walla Walla, including all surviving members of the old Mission, — recalling the scenes of the migration and the massacre, and paying a great debt of honor to the memory of the martyred Patriot. The Oration was delivered by Leavitt H. Hallock, D.D., of California, with prayer and song.

The next day, on the site of the Great Grave, two thousand people gathered, among them eight survivors of the Mission Massacre, and Mrs. C. S. Pringle, oldest of Dr. Whitman's adopted children, said, 'mid many tears: "I cannot express to you the feelings of my sisters, myself, and these survivors as we view this scene. Fifty years ago yesterday morning the sun rose yonder on a happy home and all the busy bustle of life. The sun went down on a scene of death and desolation, — of weeping and wailing. Fifty years ago to-day we went as prisoners of a savage band of Indians, — no hope of escape, — all dark and despair. But Providence made a way of escape, and we stand here to-day." Repairing again to the Opera House on account of the inclement weather, a dedicatory oration was delivered by the Rev. J. R. Wilson, D.D., of the Whitman Monument Association of Portland, Oregon, and the sum of $25.50 was given by the Nez Perces Indians toward the monument. The remains of

all the martyrs are enclosed in a beautiful mausoleum, and on the hill above, in the midst of a seven acre tract, stands a shaft of Vermont marble, nearly twenty-seven feet high, erected at a cost of about twenty-five hundred dollars: — a modest monument to a great and noble martyr!

The fiftieth anniversary of the Whitman massacre was also commemorated in the First Congregational church of the City of Washington, December 5th, 1897, the Sunday after the Anniversary, at which Justice David B. Brewer presided: he also spoke fitting words, as did Senator John L. Wilson of the State of Washington, General O. O. Howard, long a resident of the Pacific Coast, and Dr. S. M. Newman, the pastor of the church.

Also on the Witherspoon Building in Philadelphia is a striking statue of Dr. Whitman and his historic wagon wheel, commemorating his memorable journey across the continent. Thus, though late, posterity and a grateful nation are beginning to give "honor to whom honor is due."

There is another monument, more enduring than brass, and more valuable than anything produced by artist's chisel, and it is worthy to be written in this little book of loving tribute. It is the noble institution at Walla Walla, Washington, which bears the name and maintains the spirit of its illustrious patron saint; — it is "Whitman College." Closely associated with its early history, and, in fact, its founder, was the Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D., an associate of Dr. Whitman, who came to the territory in 1838. "Father Eells" was born in 1810, graduated at Williams College and East Windsor Hill Seminary, and devoted himself to the Oregon and Washington Mission until his death on his eighty-third birthday, February 16, 1893. Many a thrilling tale we were permitted to hear from his devoted lips, and we buried him with many honors, from the first church of Tacoma in '93, a venerable missionary, with only one furlough in his self-denying service of fifty-five years, and that was spent in securing funds

WHITMAN MEMORIAL BUILDING, WALLA WALLA

from friends in the East for the enterprise so near and dear to his heart.

This "Father Eells," long and intimately associated with Dr. Whitman, standing one day at the Great Grave, was meditating on the work of his departed friend; and there, with uncovered head, he determined to found a school to the memory of his honored colleague. He bought the Mission reservation for a thousand dollars, and proceeded to work the land, — to make butter and sell produce, and to live most economically, with the valued aid of his devoted wife, in order to save for Whitman Seminary. It was his heart's desire to locate the memorial school at the old Mission in Waiilatpu, but meanwhile the city of Walla Walla had come into being six miles away, and it seemed better to plant the school there. Dr. D. S. Baker gave six and a half acres for a campus, and the first building was erected in 1866. At its dedication, October 13th, its first Principal, Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, said: "Other men may arise who will render great ser-

vice to this part of our country, but no other man can expect another opportunity of actually saving this whole region to the American people as Dr. Whitman so clearly did."

In 1882, under the lead of the Rev. George H. Atkinson, the scope of the institution was enlarged, Dr. Alexander Jay Anderson, Ph. D., was elected its first President, and in 1883 the legislature granted it a new charter under the name of "Whitman College."

In 1871, "Whitman County" was established by act of the Washington legislalature, and now this memorial county and college stand in the very center of the great Northwest, an educational force for the elevation of the "Oregon Country," — Washington, Idaho and Oregon.

Rev. Stephen B. L. Penrose, one of the honored "Washington Band" who went from Yale to Eastern Washington, in 1890, was elected President of Whitman College in 1893, and an era of marked prosperity has resulted from his strong, tactful

and wise administration in the interest of a Christian college for the Northwest that shall equal, in scholarship and high ideals of efficiency, any of the most favored New England colleges. Nor is this idle dreaming. Whitman has made many friends, not the least of whom is Dr. D. K. Pearsons whose substantial gifts have done much to make the modern Whitman possible. It has a beautiful campus, four modern and well-equipped buildings of stone and brick, six wooden buildings, a good library, laboratories, museum, an excellent conservatory of music, a preparatory department, and a splendid college spirit, with a notable faculty filled with intelligent zeal, learning and devotion.

With four hundred active students, men and women, fresh from the fields and fine climate of this favored Eastern Washington, — with a freshman class of nearly a hundred ; — it has both a history, rooted in the memory of the martyr ; — and a future, rich according to the measure of this growing empire which will yet startle the

world with its wealth of resources and its achievements! A vigorous manhood is indigenous to this favored clime, and Whitman College is bound to be equal to its great opportunity.

The natural wealth of this country is enormous. It contains practically one-half the standing timber of the United States, and the largest body of virgin forest in the world. Silver, gold and copper inexhaustible in quantity, coal in vast abundance, and a water-power of 12,000,000 horses, in the Columbia basin alone. But its most superb resources are agricultural: wheat, potatoes, hay and oats, with choicest fruits of all kinds, wonderfully developed by irrigation, will enable this country to sustain a population of fifty million people in the not distant future.

The present population of these three states is above two million, and its resources barely touched as yet. In the center of this rich area stands the thriving little city of Walla Walla, beautiful for situation, with a population of twenty thousand well-

REV. STEPHEN B. L. PENROSE
President of Whitman College

to-do people, proud of their site and city and proud of their college.

But Whitman College is not a mere local institution. Recognizing its potential future, a company of sixty citizens of the three great states are organized into a Board of Overseers, aiming to create in the heart of the Oregon Country a true college, with adequate endowment, every way worthy of its history and its opportunity.

Christian, but not sectarian, these men plan to make Whitman the ideal college of the Northwest, with an initial endowment of two million dollars, and a plan as expansive as this growing West.

What Harvard and Yale are to New England, Whitman hopes to be to the Northwest. A school of mines, of technology, of forestry and irrigation, of commerce and banking, and of high art; all are included in the larger aim, and all, — sooner or later, — must surely materialize; for is not this the educational center of a coming empire!

But farms and artesian wells, — productive acres and virgin forest reserves, — stately mountains and sturdy cities, populous and prosperous, — all are subordinate to a noble type of Christian manhood. To this type, the story of the missionary martyr has committed us, and the signal Providence of God has sealed the prophecy for all coming generations.

And when the later chapters shall be written, and the story of the Northwest shall shine forth conspicuous in the annals of the states, let us and our remotest posterity never forget the vision and the heroism of that Christian missionary, who stormed the Rocky Mountain ranges in midwinter, with the destiny of an empire in the balance, and then brought out to their new home a thousand settlers who would never consent to witness flying over their triad of State Houses any other flag than the stars and stripes, and who planted patriotism in the virgin soil with their first crop.

IRRIGATION PIPE LINE, WALLA WALLA RIVER

Why does our flag float over Oregon? There is but one answer: — Because of Marcus Whitman, — missionary, patriot, martyr, seer; — crowned of God, honored of men, builded into the name and fame of "The Oregon Country!"

THE END.

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